
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 00:37:11 GMT
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From: Tikatue Sent: 3/15/2007 7:25 PM

Tracy Island, Thursday, 16th August, late night

Kat put down the book she was reading, and yawned. Looking at her watch, she was amazed to see that it was almost midnight. That's the trouble when you're reading a good book; time just seems to fly by. Heading for the kitchen, she began to make herself a hot drink. Going back in the lounge intent on enjoying the hot chocolate, her thoughts returned to the conversation she had had earlier in the day with Anna. Did her parents have a perfect marriage?

I guess that when you are young, you tend to view the world through rose tinted spectacles, she thought.

She began to wonder if she had been too sheltered during her life? Yes, on reflection, she probably had. A blanket of love and protectiveness had certainly surrounded her; maybe being the only girl had meant her parents had been too protective over her. Certainly her brothers had got away with more things than she had been allowed. She remembered how her mother had fussed over her whenever she'd fallen off her pony. It could be quite embarrassing at times, and she had tried to ignore the grins and comments from her fellow competitors.

Thinking about those early days made her remember the time when her father had spent money buying a wreck of a car. It had been his intention to 'do it up' as he had told her mother. However, her mother had seen it as a complete waste of money. Kat had never heard her parents argue as much as they had done that day.

"We could have gone on holiday with that money," her mother had shouted.

"Think of it as an insurance," her father had calmly replied. "It'll be worth a great deal when I've finished with it."

But her mother had remained adamant. "Insurance indeed! At the rate you work, it'll never be finished. You've got no incentive to get on with things."

Kat smiled at that recollection. True, her father was very laid back; his philosophy on life was, "Live for the day, let tomorrow take care of itself."

The air had certainly been chilly for a while. Kat could not remember how the situation had resolved itself. But she was sure that her mother must have backed down, because the car remained. In fact, she had helped her father work on it. But she had to admit that her mother had been right, because when she had left home to work for Lady Penelope, the car was still far from finished.

Kat took her empty mug back to the kitchen. Trying to think about other things that had happened, she went once more into her lounge, and began searching through cupboards. Finally she found

what she had been looking for, a small photo album. Curling up on her sofa, she opened the album and began turning the pages. She smiled to herself, as the first photo was a family group. There was her father, mother, Timothy, Andrew and herself. That was the last time we were on holiday together as a family, she recalled. After that, girlfriends and work seemed to take over.

Turning the page, she studied the picture of a young girl sitting on a pony, her hair in two short pigtails and wearing a crash cap that looked too big for her. She was grinning from ear to ear and clutching a blue rosette. That was my very first rosette I won with Rosie. Mum and Dad were so proud that day. Other pages revealed pictures of her as a young girl. There was a photo of her and her mother... Taken the day before I left to work for Lady Penelope. She remembered that day as if it was yesterday. It was the first time I would be living and working away from home. Mum was so proud that I would be working for the 'nobility', as she called it, but so sad that I was leaving.

At this point Kat's eyes were a little misty. Blinking a few times, she turned the page. There was a photo of her dad and his 'wreck', as her mum had referred to the car that he intended working on. I wonder if he'll ever finish it. I must remember to call tomorrow about my own car. She kept turning the pages, sometimes chuckling as photos would prompt good memories to surface.

The next thing she knew, it was morning. As she looked through her French doors, she saw the sun shining far off at sea, glinting on the waves. She stirred; the album had fallen to the floor. Gracious! I've been here all night. Stiff, she got up from the sofa, and headed for her bathroom to freshen up before getting her breakfast.

--Reflections by TawnyAngel22
